

## eve

Sally Cannon

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# eve

## Poetry • Sally Cannon

we are the daughters of Light and formed out of  
pure chaos  
with tattoos up our sleeves, black and blue and pink and  
hieroglyphics sewn into our muscles, birds bursting out of our veins  
and a multiverse straining against our paper-thin skin  
we made this world to play in  
and the games that float in and out of existence:  
the apartment buildings in New York, 1920  
the cabin in a field that hides a Reaper and all his friends  
(mechanical rituals that we all perform but no one remembers)  
the prison break of the century  
(all that was left was the door to a cell, and the imprint of a building)  
the towers spiraling up to keep creatures of nightmare captive  
the woods with pale, morphing figures you never see straight on  
the back entrance of a club with steady pulsing lights and rave music  
all come to rest, coated in gold, in the hollow of our collarbones  
called goddess  
because we're all seeing, all knowing, we play war with living, screaming figurines  
called devil  
because people are afraid of a girl that has seen, that knows, that is  
raw power  
and they cannot control us because  
we can be anyone or anything  
(a murderer, a mage, the child-eating beast, or the doe eyed beauty)  
and as the man of the hour, Apophis has got nothing on us because  
he may be strong and wild and free  
he may be the man to please  
he may be a tornado through a pile of leaves  
(a war in the dark waiting to happen, love after a college football game)  
but we're quick to the punch and learn quicker than they ever dreamed  
and snake charming through bared teeth with innocent waves and soft voices  
keeping pace with the big boys, the chaos stream, the heightened sense of being  
the feeling of fighting his matchsticks with a forest fire before we make our great escape  
is the kind of thrill we live for